

Sketch

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Seascape

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wood. Supporting his lower back against the woodpile, he lifted the wood high over his head and heaved it straight ahead with all his might. No sound but the wind. He threw another piece, and then another, and another, until they finally plopped softly near his feet.

Exhausted, he sank into a sitting position. The pile of the snow drift insulated him from the icy breath of the wind. It was almost warm here, sunken as he was, away from the reach of that bitter wind. He must rest and let his strength come back. He wouldn't go to sleep. He'd just close his eyes and wait. Wait until the wind died down.

Sunshine sparkled on the frozen crystals carpeting the forest floor. The pines proudly exhibited their badges of white adornment and expressed their joy in the communion of their brethren through the heady scent of their green needles. Breezes whisked playfully among their branches and wandered on to awaken the other forest denizens.

Seascape

by Barbara Ann Christy

The ocean came to Iowa today
wearing old mocassins and
tortoise shell
bringing me the lilacs and fishing floats
that were caught in the seaweed
of it all.
As the tractors were floating out of sight
I listened to the ocean
whispering
of winter seastorms and willow whistles
and remembered in time to
swim ashore.